

CREATIVE IMPULSE



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This is the fourth issue of THE CREATIVE IMPULSE, a compilation of creative writing by our students. We are proud of our students verbal abilities and literary interests.

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Lila Chalpin
Professor of Literature and Film

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Drunk at Mother's

He sighed repentance
No partner to this dance
Staggering sweet voice
Heard to offend
Bowing to the curtain closed

Not the pollen
of that wicked paternal tree
Or the Bright and frightened
Bumble Bee
Might carry it away
Never sharing there
the apple with her
He cried
of joy and sorrow both
of fear of losing mother earth
to that poison drop

The roots of that Tree
grow within me now
the branches barren
and longing for care

A voice so harsh
has drowned my whale song
in waters deep and dead

Michael Ariel

Tiger Lillies

The world
a series of opaque anecdotes
Sleepless memories captured
like stolen souvenirs

I run through the garden
Unnamed orange flowers mad as I pass
agreeing to offer themselves
for Grandfather's smile

Stacy Bancroft

A Cellar Sonata In A Minor

I sing with you, dark heart of the beast,
a song for unseen toilers who pulsate
in a primal toccata and fugue of the mind.
fire and water, cold and heat
elements that syncopate our need.
the furnaces chant in forgotten languages,
sounding like a thousand monkeys
hammering their cages with raw fists.

I sing brave and loud,
but my song dissipates into your white noise.
I tremble before your rutting heat,
my sweat glistening body glows before your flame.
brush against canvas my eyes sing out to you.
unaffected, you laugh at my puny offering.

I sing one long continuous note,
dissonant and mournful
like a Shostakovich string quartet.
I sing to the sour windows, the cataracts,
cracks that splash sonatas of light
onto a plexus of pipes, grey matter geometry
above jewel encrusted floor.

I sing to the great art treasures,
the coppers of Chardin,
the silvers of Whistler,
the golds of Rembrandt,
left here by careless pirates,
who stomped loudly up the stairs
in their haste to return
to the hot silence above.

Larry Groff

The Chain

I never thought
that fluffernutter clouds
could drop such a careless package
raindrops pregnant with acid
over nameless flowers and trees
tundras of green soon to be
acres of graves
nature doesn't live here anymore.

I never thought
that rich streams
fed from mountain runs
small breathing kingdom
trembling with trout
frogs lazing on spongy lime pads
could metamorphose to rusty silt
nature doesn't live here anymore.

I never thought that deep cold lakes, throbbing with life
hugged by caring birches
silver swimmers flashing
could be invaded by sick streams
and paper mills
sparkling water comes in bottles now
nature doesn't live here anymore.

I never thought that oceans vast and healing
mothers of waters served by marshlands
rich with iridescence of plankton and fish
her giant mammals spouting and singing
could become a bucket for hazardous wastes
floating barges of New York trash
nature doesn't live here anymore.

Carol Boileau

Ambitions

In this house
I live on many floors
Each floor with many rooms
Each room a part of me

I build on this foundation of
those who came before

I paint the walls
I push the roof

I spend all my time at
the office today

Tomorrow
I will live
in them all

Tim Colletti

The Send-off

I'm sitting in the back seat of Pèpère's 1955 Chevy near the window. I ask him if I can roll it down. He says sure and my mother tells him in French that I'm a fragile child, always getting sick in cars. My four brothers say it's because I'm a girl in a way that makes me feel as if I've got the plague. I want to hit one of them but my head is spinning and my breakfast is making its way up my throat.

"Shut up, all of you! You don't know how happy I'm going to be boarding with all girls — no boys to bother me!"

My second oldest brother, Paul, he's nine, asks, "What about the nuns?"

I tell him, "Don't worry, I can handle them."

I won't see my family until Thanksgiving. It'll be great just as my rich aunt Yvonne promised. She bought me this plaid dress with the white starched collar and is paying the tuition or I wouldn't be going to boarding school. We're poor sort of.

My father left us when I was four and we haven't heard or seen him since. The Welfare Department sends a woman over now and then to see if my mother has any new furniture or things that people on welfare aren't suppose to have, like nice clothes or toys. We don't need toys. We play baseball in Pèpère's backyard and when it snows we go sledding or build forts and have snowball fights. When it rains we play my favorite game. We stand behind a long piece of string that's on the floor. If you step on the string when you're throwing the crumpled piece of paper that's shaped like a ball, you are out and it's the next kid's turn. The idea is to throw the paper into the wastepaper basket that's near the fireplace. I'm really good at it and my brothers never mention how I'm a girl when I'm playing. I practice a lot when they're not around.

Everyone's quiet as we drive through the iron gates with the arch overhead shaped into the words, L'Academie de la Présentation de Marie. I'm trying not to look frightened at the big building at the end of the long driveway. The trees are turning orange near the building but I'm thinking of the big steps I'll have to climb to the front door. I wonder if the nuns won't be as strict as they were at St. Theresa's grammar school where I could walk home every day for lunch.

When the car stops, my oldest brother, Richard, he's ten, offers to carry my suitcase up the steps. I'm surprised because he seldom does anything nice for me except give me some of his pistachio icecream after I stare at him eating it for a few minutes. Once he told me I was a pretty good baseball player for a girl.

I tell him okay. He's probably doing it so that he'll look good in front of Pèpère and Mommy and can show how strong he is in front of my younger brothers.

I walk up the steps behind him as if every step is taking me closer to the guillotine I saw in a movie. I don't know why I feel this way.

Before the nun answers the doorbell, Richard says he want to kiss me good-bye. Says he'll miss his first baseman. Paul kisses me on the cheek and puts his head down as if he wants to cry. Roger's big brown eyes look afraid as he hugs and kisses me. He's only seven, a year younger than me. Billy, the baby, he's six, stands close and keeps hugging me. His chunky body feels warm. Can they see I want to cry the way I can see they want to? When the nun answers we all go in and there's this lump in my throat and my stomach feels tight.

The nun talks French and smiles and looks at me as if I'm a baby but she doesn't know that for my age I know a lot. My mother turns pale. The nun asks us to sit down and tell her not to worry; I'm in God's hands and all that holy stuff. She tells my mother she did a good job raising five children alone.

pépère doesn't say much. He's looking at the religious pictures on the wall and smiling. He's a writer. He keeps a journal and writes speeches for the parish priest. I know he'll start reading the pamphlets on the end tables if they stay any longer.

My brothers look as if they're in church. If the nun only knew how Paul steals money from my mother's pocketbook to buy presents for girls; how Roger bangs his head on the wall when he doesn't get his way and how Billy doesn't like to wear clothes. Worse of all, Richard has fits and hits us and I always scream and fight back and tell him he's not our father. She just keeps looking at us like we're angels and tells my mother how beautiful I am. My brothers start laughing; you know, with the kind of laugh you can't let out. They look guilty when the nun stares at them.

Finally, she stands up and they all say their "au revoirs." Pépère clears his voice and says, "Well, my "fille," we'll miss you." Then he kisses me on the lips. My mother gives me a bear hug wrinkling my starched collar. After she kisses me several times, my brothers step forward one by one and peck me on the cheek. I watch the back of their heads as they walk out the door. I won't see them for a long, long time. I start crying but the nun takes me by the hand, walks me down the corridor to the dormitory and tells me to offer up my sufferings to God.

I'm glad I didn't let any of them see me cry, especially my mother. I hate it when she sees me. Then, she starts too. I'm suppose to be happy to get away from them, to get a special education and to be with all girls. But I feel alone and lost, as if I've been given up for adoption or something. It's silly I know. But when I go to sleep tonight I will dream of baseball and pistachio icecream and string games.

Jeanne Kent

I Am Waiting

I am waiting for morning vulgarities of the park bench trio.
I am waiting for snores from under a newspaper at my banking
machine
I am waiting for the beaten B.U. vent vagrants stretch and curl
I am waiting for Margie's bare breasts to stop cars
I am waiting for the liquor cloud of the Copley bus beg and
belch
I am waiting

Tim Murphy

April Inventory

The crocuses are blooming
Our magnolia tree in bud
My Dad is angry

These April luxuries have no clue
Coming up every Spring
For me Mom's dead

And Dad has let his lover go
Now angry at the little things
I fear a heart attack

He drives home with his bags
how come he gets so mad
at strangers in his bedroom; family

Six teeth pulled no denture or canal
How short his life what's left
News like this fortells

A call to my brother M.D.
more behavior to discuss
Omens to a death this fall

It's all so strangely fitting
Dad never was the kind of guy
to do things like he should

He's happier in solitude
Stay home, walk the dog
Find reasons to get mad

Dana Evans-Palmer

I Am Waiting

I am waiting for the earth to stand still
and listen to fatherly lectures from Alpha-Centaurions,
on the importance of being earnest,
or else!

I am wondering when the Great Turtle
will give us a rootin, tootin bronco ride
and let us return to our cosmic dust.

I am still waiting for the earth
to rise on new foundations
and big daddy Karl to chant the
billion and one names of god.

I am waiting to forget
the hundred and one names of under armed deodorants,
cylindrical sentinels, the right guards
spraying godless Sandinistas
down to Tierra del Fuego way.

I am wondering when Managua's McDonalds
will let us return.

I am waiting for the earth
to smell like the 50's again
so vitalized and brylcremed
jackles cackle over a feast of ripe meat,
death squads squatting over the compost heat.

America, you're a nation
looking for des-pots to piss on.

I am waiting for the Nazi analogies
to become just a silly cliché.

and I am waiting for the cocaine cowboys
riding shotgun for the CIA to testify they were
just obeying orders, like Ollie the hero,
sassy cavalero cha-cha-chaing with electronic catatonics,
depressed patriots digging prime time ECT
telling them nothing matters but the capacity to forget
let us return in a Treblinka of an eye.

Larry Groff

Haiku

Shadows from moonlight
dances upon brick wall,
looking for partner.

The crunching of snow
beneath wide wheel of autos
causes teeth to grind.

The sap of pine
trickles from rigid needle
into my moist hand

Dina Zacconi

The Person of Color's Response When Regarding Museum Pieces

I gaze at glass enshrouded gold and rust,
The beads and broken noses I can't claim
I must ignore this and lust

O Ancestors, who betrayed your trust?
With teeth set, my eyes transfixed with
 shame
I gaze at glass enshrouded gold and rust.

The mask of Tut pines for its native dust
And stares at us while blind to its own
fame
It must ignore this thievery and lust.

I wonder if and when it will adjust
To its abductors who go unblamed,
Then gaze at glass enshrouded gold and
rust

Tut knows a spell to conjure up a gust
And whisk back to the mud from whence
he came
No more the prey of stranger's avid lust

He stays on, proffers his plight and en-
trusts.
That I see myself part of Egypt's name.
I gaze at glass enshrouded gold and rust.
I just ignore the thievery and lust.

Carla Johnson

Van Gogh's "Crows Flying Over a Cornfield"

You dangle crows low
Over your cornfields
In a sea of bronze
Dropping them like desperate kites
In the wind
You have whittled a path for man
Through your golden maze
Flowing in a stream of lime and sienna-
You do not allow him to enter.
The canvas vibrates
As it rises with trembling arms
To a sky dashed with the darkness of anger
Vicious black and violet
Dropping low on it's haunches
Over the horizon
The stubborn threat before
The storm.

Jane Janovsky

A Comparison of Two Japanese Paintings; *Landscape of the Sun and Moon* (Tosa School) and *Irises* by Ogata Korin (Rimpa Style.)

The first painting I will discuss, *Landscape of the Sun and Moon*, was done in the Muramachi-Ashikaga period by an unknown artist, in the manner of the Tosa School of painting. The Tosa School consisted of a group of folk artists who worked in their own, unique traditions and styles. It was very much in contrast to the established Kano School (which focuses on chinese painting styles.) The forms, and lines these folk artists utilize are much softer. The subjects themselves are blown-up, or architectural in scale - giving them a simplistic, unique, bold format on the gold screen. They are images which become powerful in their simplicity. The subject matter utilized most often by the Tosa School are the eternal themes of Japan: famous places, pines, reeds, boats, and the four seasons. One of the most remarkable works of this school is the aforementioned (*Landscape of the Sun and Moon*.) In this painting there are no sharp lines, no 3-D modelling, and chiaroscuro. In accordance to folk traditions, the forms are simplified with intense, bold impact. There is also much repetition of form in the slopes of the mountains, as well as in the forms of the pine trees. In this piece, all four seasons are worked into one unified screen format. Elements within the screen balance each other out, and there is also the use of an old yamato-e device (seen in the frontal layering of the mountains.)

The second painting I will discuss *Irises* by Ogata Korin, a screen painting from the Edo-Tkugawa period. The painting is done in accordance with the Rimpa style, which I feel I must first discuss, before exploring this and other individual works.

A man named Sotatsu (1576 - 1642) first launched the Rimpa style of painting (along with a man named Koetsu.) The Rimpa style was also a style, or school which differed from the Kano School. It was much more spontaneous, and was a style which was powerfully Japanese. There was no Kano influence at all; anything which might have been taken from chinese printed books, was radically transformed and japanized. Sotatsu contributed to the resumption of japanese styles and themes; to traditionally native styles. He revitalized them, made them more dynamic, full of energy and movement. Sotatsu spent his entire career celebrating japanese art. He took old themes and infused them with tremendous vigour. He made them all of contemporary importance again. Works such as his *Ivy Covered Path* screen, or some of his fan paintings, illustrations of the *Genji Scroll*, or *Heiji Insurrection* are dynamic in their placement of both the elements and space. They seem full of visual beauty and emotional intensity. He continually utilizes a very dynamic placement of space and element, a vigour of brushline, as well as tarashikomi (wet Blob) to create a sensation of energy, vitality, immediacy, or urgency to his works.

A generation after Kietsu and Sotatsu, the Ōgata brothers (Korin and Kenzan,) consolidated the Rimpa style. Where Kenzan was an introvert, his brother Korin (1658 - 1716) was an extreme extrovert. He took the ideas of Koetsu's and Sotatsu's works to exaggerated extremes. We can begin to see Korin's recycling of the Rimpa style in his *Matsushima Islands*. The island forms are more symmetrical than Sotatsu's - due perhaps to the influence of western (Dutch) art. The color application, the *rarashikomi*, is calculated; the washes are not as extreme, and not as spontaneous. Korin did have some training with the Kano school and his brush work (as seen in the aforementioned piece) is superbly controlled. It is here boneless in color, instead of ink. The soft, blobby shapes may stem from old yamato-e forms (Koetsu.) He revives early classic painting and the motion or movement is a direct derivation of Sotatsu's style. Here, there is no repetition of form. Irregularity, and multiple variations are explored and celebrated, as they are in Tea-Art.

Korin was less influenced by literature and more by decoration. He came from a brocade-maker's family and he uses techniques that are associated with textiles, in his paintings. For example, in his *Plum Trees* screen, commissioned by a feudal lord in 1710, he creates what has come to be known as the 'Korin wave' - a stencil, screen technique commonly used in textile design, exists here, and in many of his numerous paintings. There is some derivation of nature in his use of organic line and perspective; he fuses realism with Japan. He seems to almost stress design to abstraction, and thus provides an new vehicle for motifs and styles of archaic works.

There is a great freshness to Korin's work that is different from Sotatsu. In his twelve panel screen *Iris*es, which he did a number of times, a number of different ways, Korin celebrates the beauty and diversity of nature, and creates almost a dance-motion in space. He watches, and isolates each blossom, carefully endowing them with a different perspective and shape. Although he uses *tarashikomi* quite strongly in the blossoms, it only enhances the unique 'feel' of each flower. Korin also seemed to have a wonderful sense of humor. One of his best pieces *Cranes* is wonderfully funny, and elegantly rendered. There is a tremendous symmetry of design and it is a variation on a common theme (like *Iris*es.) The crane is associated with the military/samurai and his rendering is more ingenious. The rhythm is subtly broken and altered peaking our curiosity and our desire to continue on in the piece.

At first it seems to me that these two schools are so very different, but one of the more blatant common elements is that both of these schools break away from the Chinese (or Kano) school. They are a celebration of the new and developing JAPANESE way of life, and art - the purely Japanese. We may sight differences in some of their subject matters, or in the way they render. The Tosa school simplifies and repeats its elements; making bold, simplistic statements whereas the Rimpa style explores each unique shape, color, and perspective, and celebrates that - making quietly powerful statements. However, both are still exploring a truly Japanese form of art despite their origins, and work to develop Japan's own true identity.

by Deborah L Ohala

Farewell Father

A bystander
I watched the stranger with Dad's eyes
Beloved thief invading this home
my home
ours

Treasure or trash
take or discard

The truck wide-mouthed and tinny sucked
away the contents
fragments of my life huddled strangely in
its damp cavern

Wheels spun on loose gravel

No room for me.

Debra Wainwright

Shell

My inner being has long been emptied into rivers of time
long forgotten by me.

As I lay deep within the river bed, the hardness of my shell
still draws visitors of endless seaweeds that cling for a
moment before passing on. Let all things pass through, lest
they find me weeping.

I am broken by the turbulence of the quaking floor, it has left
me with swirls of ingenious lines of pale yellows, blues, greens,
oranges and pinks.

I have become a beacon when the morning sun shines on all my parts
transforming me into a fascination picked up by new hands.

Although a part of me is lost forever, my soul still lies buried
deep within, protected against the elements of nature.

If you see me and care to listen, my tales of the sea are true.

Carolyn Carter

Celebration Poem

music
is the bark
the cotton owl
the breath wheezing
from the chill
the black well
an endless trap
moist strands
of wood rotting
soiled picks
split
herds of lilies
the tales of insects
in summer hum
lamenting the sanguineness sap
perfect in strum
alluring as a swirling
tree cut
counting the rings.

Rochelle Royer

Hometown U.S.A.

Mason
My
Burning Hell
on
a plate
cramming
up in-
to my face
daily, nightly
or should I say....
24 hrs a day
One porthole
Apocalyptic be-bop
cyclops-
 slice-eyed view.

Infinity....

locked out of grasp
Scratching
Gashing Ostracism
a static pose
left
gasping for air
by preordained
parental papacy

Oblivious Holocaust Head-SMASH!
Childhood blast
Forward
“Let’s Make A Deal”

My choice...
Door #1- Enter cheese breeze
Imbibe-Survive
Snort, Smoke

Chicago Shavers-
(my) Renaissance
Baldy Boys/Rude Girls
This is where it starts

Dateline: Armageddon

Andrea Cifor

Rodin's Cathedral

I found myself a curious haven
Marble fingers, delicate curve
Is it two lefts, two rights, or a pair?
Strangers come and go
I study and they stare
Using my hands to answer
I'm full of joy and mischief
A new game of mystery
Admiring each curve and plane
of knuckles and palms
I check and recheck
Only to find it's two rights
The suspended emotion of two people
The delicate touch in motion
I try to find the meaning
held within the title.

Tobey Hirsh

Stains On the State House Steps

I'm with you Antoine Turrell
On the state house steps
I'm with you
As I X the mark here, with a black
Magic marker,
I'm with you
As I watch people pass this place
With smiles on their faces
Showing me that they do not know
What you did here
Or knew once and chose to forget
I'm with you
As I sit where you sat, for a couple
of minutes tonight
And think of you burning yourself to death,
Finding it impossible to imagine.
Your first mistake was to think
Someone would care.
I'm with you and I'll try to
remember
And be reminded
By the chunks of granite
That they chiseled from the steps
In an attempt to erase
The residue of your
Burning body
Or the X I put here
Tonight

Joe Shepard

Mother

The years of laughter splinter to the floor
Words that pierce like arrows settle deep
our silence isn't friendly anymore

I never thought our friendship could be torn
Now down these halls I feel your cold eyes creep
The years of laughter splinter to the floor

Inside my fragile room I slam the door
And toss in my thin bed with violent sleep
Our silence isn't friendly anymore

We've locked away our senses in a drawer
Though pain and anger cling to us and weep
The years of laughter splinter to the floor

We struggle words like some unwanted chore
We wrestle them into a useless heap
Our silence isn't friendly anymore

I need you as I never have before
But somehow words between us sound too cheap
The years of laughter splinter to the floor
Our silence isn't friendly anymore

Jane Janovsky

Grandmother's House

The house seems much smaller now. It's not at all the wonderful castle it was when I was a child. The pink stucco structure sits precariously on top of a steep hill. From the veranda I can see distant church steeples poking up over the rolling hills. If I could bottle the smell of the ever present breeze, I could make a million dollars. My grandmother sits across the table from me. The violet light makes her look lovely, just as she did twenty years ago. For a minute it feels as if we are all there having dinner by the light of the setting sun. I'm dozing after a hard day of fighting dragons in the caves across the fields. I feel myself being passed from person to person as each one has some after dinner thing to do. I'm completely unaware of time passing and no thoughts enter my mind. There is only a feeling of warmth and the red glow of the sunshine on my eyelids. I wonder if that's what death is like. Maybe that's why kids aren't afraid of anything.

Inside the house I close my eyes and again everything seems the same as it was then. I smell the gas from the lamps and the wood of the armoire scents the linens. I can remember waking up every morning to the smell of toast and chocolate and the coffee that my grandfather used to grind freshly every morning. I was lucky to have the bedroom closest to the kitchen.

With my eyes open, the house seems different and I begin to feel uncomfortable. Outside again, I hop on my motorbike and the strange feeling soon goes away. I ride up the steep gravel road that leads to a cemetery set in a cedar grove high on a hill. The earth smells musty and the grass is starting to obscure the neat rectangle where my grandfather is buried. There are fresh chrysanthemums that smell like death. I wonder if my grandmother could have come all this way to plant them all by herself. It's past six O'clock now. My grandmother must be showing the house to the real estate people. I wonder if the new owners will have children.

Alex Jaegar

Celebration

My hacking cough welcomes the morning light
Red eyes squinting
Feet hanging over the edge of my concave bed
My back refuses to stand upright
Radiator pipes still banging
Thoughts of strawberry PopTarts race to my head
I stand erect and find the door
Feet numb on the kitchen floor
I search 'till I find my PopTarts finally
And eat every last crumb of the wholesome pastry

Robert Hunt

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